The Prydonian Renegade

The official newsletter of The Prydonians of Prynceton
Volume three, number six September 1986

Club Stuff

WHOSKI '87 Raffle!

Tickets are still available to WHOSKI '87, The Prydonians' *unique* resort weekend with Nicholas Courtney and Ian Marter (invited guests), to be held next March 6–8 at Malibu Ranch, Milford, PA. For only $180 you get two nights, two breakfasts and dinners, skiing, skating, horseback riding, swimming, and the chance to mingle up close with two of your all-time favourite Doctor Who stars! To reserve your place, send your $35 deposit to The Prydonians of Prynceton, PO Box 1311, Princeton, NJ, 08540. Check or money order only, please.

If $180 is a bit too much for you, then buy a chance in our WHOSKI raffle! We're raffling off one ticket to the event. Chances are $5 for one, $8 for two, and $10 for three. The drawing will be held after Thanksgiving. You can put down a deposit and order a raffle ticket—if you win the raffle, we'll return your deposit!

So order yours now!

New Meeting Site!

After many months of trying, we have finally secured what we hope will be a permanent location for our monthly Assemblies. The Lawrenceville Library will be our host on Saturday, October 4, from 1 to 4 pm. We expect to be Assembling there on the first Saturday of succeeding months, as well.

The Library is on Alternate Route 1, about 2 miles or so south of Quakerbridge Mall and just a few hundred feet below where Alternate 1 separates from Route 1 proper. It's a big ugly modern green building on the corner of Alternate 1 and Darrah Lane. While ugly on the outside, it's very comfortable and nice on the inside and we're

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Tom Baker Shows Set!

We finally have all the information on the Tom Baker/Colin Baker shows in our area! They will be appearing in Philadelphia on Saturday, Sept. 13 and in Brooklyn on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 27-28.

The Philadelphia show will be at the Philadelphia Centre Hotel (site of most of Creation's conventions in the City of Brotherly Love) from 11 to 5. Tickets will be $16 ($10 for children under 12 accompanied by an adult) and are available from Ticketron. Each Baker will have an individual panel session and then they will do a joint panel, followed by an autograph session.

In New York, they will be at the School of Performing Arts on the campus of Brooklyn College. Tickets are $17 ($10 for children under 12 accompanied by an adult) for one day only and all seats for both days are reserved. Tickets are available from Ticketmaster or by phone at 800-682-8080. The programming will be the same as in Philadelphia.

Tom Baker recently appeared in San Jose, California, at Timecon. Photos taken there show him to have very short hair, not at all the fluffy, curly mop he sported as the Doctor. He has not been in our area since February 1984 (the last American con he did before Timecon).

This will be Colin Baker's fourth appearance in our area in a year and a half. He is just finishing work on the 23rd Season "Trial of a Time Lord" 14-week story, and it will be interesting to ask him about the show's future.

Don't miss this incredibly rare chance to see the legendary Tom Baker!

Story Contest Winners!

The votes is in and the winners has been chosed. We'd like to congratulate Ray Christian, winner of the 1986 Renegade Story Contest for his exciting adventure "The Tarasque Terror." Ray, from Staten Island, wins the Grand Prize, J. Jeremy Bentham's Doctor Who: The Early Years. Second Prize goes to Joe Nazzaro for his terrific "The Nature of the Beast." Jason Snell wins third prize for his imaginative "A Gilded Cajun" (we

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Family Dues Raised

The High Council recently decreed a slight change in our method of collecting dues. Providing badges and membership cards to families with more than one member is expensive. Up to now, we have not been charging families more for membership than individuals. We have decided to make family membership dues $8 a year instead of $6, to covert the extra expenses involved. All new family memberships and all renewals, starting with members whose dues expire at the end of September, will be charged at the new rate. We hope this won't upset anyone.

Creation in New Jersey!

Creation Conventions will at long last be coming to New Jersey this September 20–21, at New Brunswick's Hyatt Regency Hotel (site of last May's Whovent '86 East)! The Doctor Who guest will be Matthew Waterhouse, formerly Adric! Mark Lenard, Sarek of Star Trek, and getting to be a regular around here, will also attend. Advance tickets are $9 for adults and $6 for kids for each day. For more information, write Creation at 249-04 Hillside Avenue, Bellerose, NY, 11426.

Blake's 7 on 12, 21, 31!

Blake's Seven, Terry Nation's innovative British science fiction TV show that ran on the BBC from 1978 through 1981, is all of a sudden (and finally!) running on at least three local stations!

Channel 12, WHYY in Philadelphia, is showing it every night at 11 pm for the next ten weeks. This is a one-shot deal; if audience response is not favourable, they will not re-purch-

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Editorial

Welcome to the new Prydonians!

Over the last nine months or so, The Prydonians have swelled to almost 750 members. This makes us virtually the largest primarily local Doctor Who club in the country. We'd like to stay that way. What we mean is, having worked so hard over the last year to attract area fans to join The Prydonians, we would hate to start seeing any of you leave when your dues expire over the course of the next year. We feel it is far more important to retain the members we already have than to continue pressing for more and more growth.

What we're saying is all of you are much more important to us than you may realize. This is your club; the High Council is here to serve you. If there's anything we can do to make the club more attractive to you, all you have to do is tell one of us. The by-laws to be presented next month will detail just how the club is to be run. We once described the club's leadership as a "benevolent dictatorship." We were only joking, but even so, it was fairly close to the truth. No longer. Now, any qualified member will be able to stand for election to the High Council when the current members' terms expire next March.

Other things we are doing to improve the club's appeal are to find a permanent, public meeting location, the Lawrenceville Library; to institute certain changes in the newsletter; and to search for hosts for Satellite Assemblies in areas where large numbers of members live who can't easily make it into central New Jersey for our regular Assemblies.

In *The Renegade*, we will be running more *Blake's Seven* material, as our members finally get to see this fascinating show, and we'll be running more "thematic issues," like June's Adric issue and this month's Androgum material.

But that's what the High Council is doing. This is your club, and it will only really work if you all get involved. The by-laws will only go into effect if endorsed by the club's members, so please return the enclosed ballot with your vote. The new meeting site can accommodate a lot more people than we've been able to seat previously; we hope that more and more members will take advantage of this new facility. The response to the Story Contest was extremely gratifying and we hope that others will also be inspired to contribute to *The Renegade* in the future.

Again, if there's anything we can do for you, don't hesitate to contact the appropriate High Councillor or to write to The Renegade (or for The Renegade, for that matter). The more contact we all have with each other, the better the club will be. Thanks!

The High Council

Tom Beck—Editor of The Renegade, convention volunteer coordinator. 359 Nassau Street, Princeton, NJ, 08540. 609-921-8148.

Duffy McLaughlin—Public TV fundraisers. 5 Park Lane, Levittown, PA, 19054. 215-946-5685.

Cynthia Moreno—Special projects, coordinator for Pennsylvania and south Jersey. 2428 West Hilton Street, Philadelphia, PA, 19129. 215-322-1460.

Kim Elaine Neighbor—Meetings and programs, club fundraising. 50–23 Garden View Terrace, East Windsor, NJ, 08520. 609-443-8725.

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Sue Osmers—Treasurer and bookkeeper. 960 Queens Drive, Yardley, PA, 19067.

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The Prydonian Renegade is published monthly by The Prydonians of Prynceton, Inc., a Doctor Who fan club. Address: Gallifrey East, 359 Nassau Street, Princeton, NJ, 08540. Telephone: 609-921-8148. *Doctor Who* is ©1986 BBC. This publication is intended solely for the entertainment of the club's members and no infringement of anyone else's copyright is intended. Unsigned articles may be reprinted freely, provided that citation is given, in any free publication of any other not-for-profit fan club. By-lined articles may only be reprinted with the written permission of the editor of *The Renegade*. Membership in The Prydonians of Prynceton is $6 per year for individuals, $8 per year for families and households. The club maintains a computer bulletin board system on the TARDIS BBS, 609-448-1361. The Prydonians of Prynceton are a Charter Chapter of the Doctor Who Fan Club of America (DWFCA), and a member of the North East Matrix (NEM), and the APC Net. Androgums make perfect servants: they'll serve anyone—usually baked or fried!

Letters to *The Renegade*

Dear Prydonians:

The so-called example story by Tom Beck ["The Law of the Jungle," Renegade 3–5, August 1986] was sick. Doctor Who doesn't use cannibalism. There is a big difference between slaughter and cannibalism. I'm afraid that if I ever see another story like "Law of the Jungle" in your newsletter, I shall be forced to resign my membership.

Tom Kay

We're sorry you feel that way. The story was meant as an exercise in black humor, not sick humor. Technically, it wasn't cannibalism, as the Doctor is not human. The main point of the story was the incongruity of the gentle Fifth Doctor meeting the crazed commando Rambo. In any case, if it was sick, then if follows that Doctor Who is also sick, since a lot of the dialogue in the story as well as the whole idea of the Doctor becoming an Androgum came directly from the 22nd Season episode "The Two Doctors." Also, we did preface the story with a warning that some people might not like it. The club is large enough that it isn't always possible to please everybody. There is room for this sort of story along with other, more conventional ones.

Dear Prydonians:

I've never had anything to contribute to the club until now. Recently, New Jersey Network announced the cancellation of *Dark Shadows* and *The Uncle Floyd Show*. Being a Dark Shadows fan, I called NJN to complain. When I asked why they were still accepting pledges from people for *Dark Shadows* I was told that they use the money as they see fit. Just because you pledge your money for *Doctor Who* or *Dark Shadows* doesn't mean that the money is used for either of those shows. I feel that if I pledge money for a specific program then that's the program my money should go for.

Another reason given for cancelling *Dark Shadows* and *Uncle Floyd* is that they have no educational value in keeping with NJN's standards. Wake up, Prydonians! I see no educational value in *Doctor Who* other than in learning how to fight off Daleks and Cybermen. And when was the last time any of us had need for that sort of information?

I feel that all Doctor Who fans should write NJN and protest the cancellation of both shows and also the misuse of pledge money. How would you like your pledge money being used for National Geographic or Reading Rainbow?

You may be wondering why you should care about Dark Shadows or Uncle Floyd. Don't forget

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A Country full of Clubs

Last month we reported on a number of national and international clubs, as well as all the other clubs in the **North East Matrix.** This month, we shall list the other local clubs in America with which we correspond and exchange newsletters and other information. These clubs all provide good service to their members and are all well worth the dues payments.

As far as which ones you should join, that's up to you. We feel that it is a lot of fun to find out about Doctor Who fandom in other parts of the country. Many of these clubs' newsletters publish original stories and artwork and also interesting photographs of conventions in their area. And you can make good friends and pen-pals all over America by joining clubs in other areas.

What we feel is that you should join **DWFCA** and **DWIN,** as the two most important national organizations. If you live in an area served by a **NEM club,** you should certainly join it. Finally, read this month's list and see if any of them strike your fancy. If you do decide to join one or more of them, let them know where you read about them.

By the way, we receive the newsletters of all these clubs and you can read them over at any Assembly.

Arcalians of Albuquerque: Sort of a sister club of ours. Mainly oriented toward UNM and its students. Their monthly newsletter is called *The Arrcalian Archives* and is pretty good and keeps getting better. Write: Faith Kessler, 8401 Pan American Freeway #5, Albuquerque, NM, 87113.

Buffalo Time Council: They've invited Patrick Troughton to Fall Con this October 25-6 in Niagara Falls. $30 for both days, $17 for one. For information, write Sandi Lieber, 221 Princeton Avenue #2, Eggertsville, NY, 14226. The club publishes the *Council Times* newsletter. They have a neat logo designed by well-known fan artist Gail Bennett. They've recently been publishing an interesting story called "Evolution of the Daleks." For information, write 148 Yeager Drive, Cheektowaga, NY, 14225.

Doctor Who Northeast: Bringing Doctor Who fandom to the Albany, New York, area. Part of their very pretty newsletter is the comic adventures of Cyber-Cat! Very active group—they've had Blake's Seven up there for months now! For information, write PO Box 12814, Albany, NY, 12212.

High Council of Rockdale County: Doctor Who southern-style. Georgia, to be precise. Very active group, as there are many cons in the area. Good newsletter called *The Matrix* (subtitled "The newsletter of Rassilon"!) Good artwork. For information, write: 3055 Ebenezer Road, Conyers, GA, 30208.

Legion of Rassilon: The people who brought Tom Baker to Timecon, his first American show in two and a half years. Their newsletter, the *Times,* is notable for its cartoons showing Opus the penguin trying to make sense of the TARDIS. For more information, write: 124H Blossom Hill Road, San Jose, CA, 95123.

Memphis Area Doctor Who Society: Really good newsletter, *Who's News,* with good stories and other features. Write: PO Box 22698, Memphis, TN, 38188.

Northeast Wisconsin Friends of the Doctor: A really good cow-country club. They publish a monthly newsletter, *Tales of Rassilon,* which has been running a very good serial story recently. Write: 1015 East Eldorado Street, Appleton, WI, 54911.

Radio Free Gallifrey: We still think this is the best name we've ever heard for a DW club. Central Washington State is a very active area of fandom. Their quarterly magazine, *The Prydonian Pages,* is excellent, especially its artwork. Worth getting, especially for only $5 a year. Write: PO Box 9853, Spokane, WA, 99209.

Renegade Time Lords: Another Wisconsin club. They had signed Jon Pertwee for "The Doctor in Dairyland" convention last May, until his New Zealand work on Worzel Gummidge forced him to bow out. Good newsletter, the *Renegade Times.* Write: PO Box 2129, Milwaukee, WI, 53201-2129.

Scarf Trailers: Not just Doctor Who, but oriented toward all science fiction. Good newsletter, the *Alien Gazette.* Full of bad jokes. Write: 2016 Amelia Avenue, Scranton, PA, 18509.

St. Louis Celestial Intervention Agency: They just put on Tardiscon, the 1986 North American Time Festival, annually the biggest fan-con. They also do a very nice newsletter, *The Timelord Times,* which sometimes veers into the very strange and silly. Write: Box 733, St. Louis, MO, 63188.

Time Lords of Kansas: Toto, I have a feeling we're not in Gallifrey anymore. Doctor Who on the great plains of America, folks. Newsletter is called *New Dimensions.* Write: PO Box 8477, Wichita, KS, 67208.

Tri-State Timelords: Delaware's Doctor Who club, with regular meetings both in Newark and in Wilmington. Their newsletter is called *The Zarbi Gazette.* Dues are $7.50, including the club T-shirt. They also run a computer bbs. Write: 2114 Weatherton Drive, Wilmington, DE, 19810.

UNYT: The United New York Taskforce. Finally, a DW club for New Yorkers. Already almost 100 members strong and boy, is their newsletter great. Check them out, even if you don't live in Gotham. For information, write: 308 West 30th Street, Apartment 10-B, New York, NY, 10001.

Whoosier Net: Bill themselves as Indiana's largest DW club. Great name, don't you think? Good newsletter, called the *Gallifreyan Gazette.* Write: PO Box 418093, Indianappolis, IN, 46241.

Winds of Time: Saving the best for last. If you think The Renegade isn't funny and/or sick enough, have we got a club for you! Every month *Cosmic Yo-Yo* publishes "K9's Sicke Jokes," and that's the mildest thing they do. We can't even print the names of the filk-songs they think up! You have to be over eighteen to join, but we think you'll be entertained if you do. The pride of Nashville, TN (and you thought it was Graceland). Write: PO Box 22307, Nashville, TN, 37202.

Story Contest Grand Prize Winner!

The Tarasque

by Ray Christian

The Doctor cursed. He was in his lab, surrounded by circuits and tools, faced with another setback in his long search to end the Time Lords' exile of him to Earth, primitive twentieth century Earth. Nearby stood his assistant Jo Grant, patiently waiting for his next lecture to her on things that she would never understand.

Suddenly he turned to her. "Jo, sometimes I think I'm just wasting my time."

"Don't give up now, Doctor. If the Time Lords can operate the TARDIS, surely you can, too. Although, if time and space travel is usually anything like what just happened to us on Exarius, I'd rather stay home!"

"No, sometimes it's even exciting." He stood up and stretched. "I just need a break, that's all. And I'm famished. I think I'll have lunch."

Jo's eyes widened. "But Doctor, you just ate a half hour ago."

"Jo, I can eat WHENEVER I WANT TO!" the Doctor raged. "Now, if you don't approve, that's JUST TOO BAD!" he bellowed. Then he stormed out of the room grumbling "Primitive humans..."

Just then, Sergeant Benton entered. "What's eating the Doc?" he enquired.

"I have no idea," answered Jo. "He's just gone to eat his second lunch in less than an hour. I wonder what's wrong. He never used to care so much about food."

"Yeah, but the Doctor can be mighty strange, you know," said Benton, stating the obvious.

Many thousands of years ago and many more lightyears distant, another Time Lord, not as nice as the Doctor (even in the latter's present state) laid his plans. You might have heard of this other Time Lord. He's been known to operate under the nom de business of the Master.

The Master! This most dangerous of all Gallifreyans, the Doctor's arch enemy, practically his alter ego, was patiently explaining to his disciple about the object displayed on his TARDIS scanner (in beautiful 3-D 16-colorgraphics). "The tarasque is a life form native to the planet Regter. It is unique in the galaxy. It can literally eat the electrochemical neurotransmitters produced by highly intelligent humanoid brains. Do you see the significance of that, Modore?"

Modore was one of the few Time Lords who had followed the Master into exile from Gallifrey following his aborted student rebellion. He was fiercely loyal to his black-hearted leader, although he would never match him in intelligence or cunning. He shook his head. "It seems a rather dangerous creature, Lord. How will it help us bring about the universal peace, happiness, and prosperity which has for so long been your only goal?"

The Master's eyes glittered as he looked at his naive pupil. "As you know, Modore, our greatest enemy, the Black Guardian's most powerful servant, is trapped on Earth. He calls himself the Doctor." Modore shuddered at hearing the name of their nemesis. The Master went on, "If we could but destroy him, we could bring about the Golden Age easily. Now listen to my plan..."

The Doctor was in the UNIT canteen when Jo entered. Several half-filled paper plates were strewn on the table in front of him. "What's up?" she asked.

"Jo, during my second incarnation, I underwent a temporary change. I became an Androgum."

"A what? An—Androgum?" Jo stumbled over the unfamiliar, silly name.

"It's a creature from another world. Semi-intelligent. A barbarian that only lives to eat. Now I fear that it is going to happen to me again. That explains why I've been eating so much recently."

Ever the practical one, Jo asked "Well, can you stop it?"

"I was just thinking of that when you came in."

"Doctor, what will happen i you fail? If you do become a...well, one of those things again? After all, if it was temporary then, surely it will just pass on eventually."

"Yes, but while I am an Androgum it could be incredibly dangerous for your planet."

"The tarasque is a creature of instinct," the Master's soft voice purred, "so it is easily controlled. It will always seek out the most electrically active mind on a planet, i.e., the most intelligent one. After ingesting all the mental energy of its victim, it will store most of it and use the rest to launch itself on an escape path from the planet's gravity well."

"And then what will it do, Master" asked Modore obediently, as if it were on a cue card.

"Since the energy of a particularly strong brain can sustain a tarasque for thousands of years, it will then fly through space until it finds another planet with intelligent life. It will then focus on the most intelligent brain it can sense, land, consume the energy, and leave. And so on, forever."

Modore's brow furrowed. "But how does this help us, Master?"

The Master's eyes opened a bit wider. Modore had actually asked a good question. "The tarasque cannot ordinarily be defeated by intelligent life, since it can simply eat the minds of its adversaries. There are only two ways to kill one. It may crash into a star during its travels. Or it may be captured by the gravity well of a planet without intelligent life. If it doesn't have enough stored energy to break free, it will die of starvation."

"So?" asked Modore weakly.

"So?" The Master's eyes were serious, but behind them he was chuckling, mirthlessly. "I have discovered a tarasque on Mars, otherwise known as Sol III. It cannot escape. I propose that we feed it, allowing it to break free and travel to Earth. There it will find the Doctor. His will be the most active mind on that wretched planet, so naturally, the tarasque will eat it. This will leave him a mindless dolt, whom we can then reeducate in our philosophy."

Modore was almost speechless with admiration. "Why...why that's brilliant!" he exclaimed.

"Of course," said the Master modestly.

"Doctor, how could your transformation be so dangerous for the Earth?" Jo demanded.

"This planet by itself is very insignificant, Jo," the Doctor answered patiently. "However, my presence has made it noticed. If I lose my ability to protect your world, even for a short while, other races may seize the chance to invade. Your pitiful forces wouldn't have a chance." His face darkened. "But why should I care? What does your pathetic planet mean to me? I'M GOING TO HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT!"

"Doctor!" cried Jo, appalled.

"JO, DONT...yes, Jo, I'm sorry. I'm becoming more of an Androgum with every passing moment." He frowned and furrowed his brow. "Excuse me. I must concentrate. Now let me get back to work." He strode into his laboratory and sat down at a microscope.

"What shall we use to feed the tarasque on Mars, Master?" asked Modore.

"A little something I've been cultivating for some time now," the Master replied. "Come. Let me show you." He walked down a corridor of his TARDIS to an unfamiliar room. Inside was a complex machine.

"This," he indicated. The large black apparatus had many strange dials and switches on it. "It is a mental simulation generator. It will mimic the amoung of energy found in the mind of a typical intelligent humanoid. Here," he said, handing Modore an object that looked like a large set of stereo headphones. "Put these on. They will protect you from the creature."

Jo came out of the lab in shock. The Doctor now had ugly warts on his nose and cheeks. His eyebrows had become bushy and rather pinkish,

Terror

and his features had coarsened somewhat.

"Is he all right, Miss Grant?" asked the Brigadier, peering in through the lab door.

"I'm not sure, sir," she answered. "He keeps wavering between himself and this—whatever it is he says he's becoming."

Just then, Benton approached, followed by a private. "Here's the guard you ordered, sir."

"Good, Benton. Now soldier, you're to make sure the Doctor does no harm, either to himself or to anyone else. Is that clear?" Just then, the Doctor came out, angry.

"Lethbridge-Stewart! I have no need of any guard. I assure you I'm perfectly fine! I've gotten a lot done, and now I'm going to go have some dinner. There's something I haven't had in a long time. Can the canteen chef prepare cat? It's especially good baked!" His friends all stared at him in horror.

The Brigadier placed a cautious hand on his arm. "Doctor, I suggest you calm down. I'm rather sure you should be guarded now. Keep an eye on him, soldier!" Then, he turned and walked away.

The Master's TARDIS came into existence on the dry dead surface of Mars. At the console, Modore checked the readings. "The only sign of life is the tarasque. And it's fairly close, too."

"Open the doors," ordered the Master. He strode out onto the planet's surface.

Modore hesitated, then followed timidly. "Master, I have a question. My calculations—admittedly, only an approximation, certainly nowhere near as accurate as yours—show that the amount of energy your machine will generate will be very short of the amount necessary to enable the tarasque to reach Earth. How will we make up the difference?"

"You shall see, Modore," the Master answered, in a voice almost too low for Modore to hear, "you shall see."

The Martian landscape was weird, grey everywhere, with enormous mountains an incredibly distance away. Much closer was the tarasque itself.

It was huge! An orangey blob with tentacles emanating from a ring circling a large bulbous structure in the middle. The tentacles stretched toward the two approaching Time Lords.

Just then, the Master spoke. "The amount of energy required could only be found in a Time Lord's brain. That generator is a fake, a piece of junk as worthless as that plastic you wear upon your head." The Master turned his back and strode back toward his TARDIS.

"BUT...!" Modore exclaimed as the tarasque's tentacles clasped his head. "NO....!!!" His scream was suddenly cut off.

From the door of his TARDIS the Master pivoted and stared at the grisly scene. "Yes, my good Modore. The tarasque will feed well tonight."

The Doctor's transformation was by now almost complete. His eyebrows had grown thickly together, his face was covered in warts, his stomach had bulged, and he was four inches shorter.

He turned upon the petrified guard. "You are young and healthy, aren't you? Young and... tender. Yes, tender. You will taste good fried."

"What?" the guard shouted.

"Yes, you'll be especially good with white wine," said the Doctor, reaching for a scalpel.

The soldier raised his rifle.

Jo was sitting in the canteen, sipping coffee. The Doctor had only been grazed in the leg and was now resting comfortably in the sickbay. Thank god, she reflected. That poor private. Of course he'd fired.

Suddenly an unfamiliar soldier approached her. "The Brigadier would like to see you in the sickbay immediately, ma'am," he said.

"Why?"

"I dunno, he just said to bring you."

"Okay, as soon as I've finished my coffee."

"Now," the soldier said, in a hard voice. Jo looked up and, to her horror, recognised the Master. If she'd had some warning...but the surprise numbed her resistance and she had no choice but to obey him.

The Doctor was under full restraint in the UNIT sickbay. A medic had removed the bullet and was bandaging his leg. He'd had to avoid the Doctor's flashing teeth.

"We have some scientists trying to decipher the Doctor's notes now, sir," said a scientist to the Brigadier. "Until we do, we have no hope of understanding what's been happening to him."

The Doctor suddenly spoke up. "The transformation is almost complete. But it will pass soon. Until then, keep me under restraint!"

Inside his TARDIS, the Master was tracking the tarasque as it entered Earth's atmosphere. Jo stood by him, shuddering. "Soon, all the Doctor's electrochemical energy will be consumed and he will be my willing slave!"

"The Doctor will never help you!" Jo shouted.

"We shall see. We shall see."

Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart stared at the Doctor's strapped figure, hoping he wsn't insane. He must be 99.99% whatever it is he's turning into, thought the Brigadier. All I can do is wait.

Suddenly, someone screamed outside. Through the window, the Brigadier could see a red blob crash into the Earth.

Seconds later, the tarasque began to crawl out of the crater.

In the confusion no one noticed a small boulder materialize out of nowhere between the crater and the sickbay. The Master emerged from an invisible door, dragging Jo behind him. They could see the tarasque moving swiftly toward the building. "You see," he said, "already the tarasque seeks out the Doctor."

Suddenly, it stopped and began wavering. It was almost as if it were indecisive, no longer sure whom to seek out. Then, it started again, but in a new direction—straight for the Master. Appalled by the sudden turn of events, the Master froze. The tarasque drew nearer and nearer...

Before it could reach him, the Master shook himself out of horrified immobility and screamed "Die, monster!" There was the sound of an energy discharge, and suddenly there was nothing there. Jo found herself alone.

The Master's TARDIS had dematerialized.

"I still don't understand, Doctor. What happened?" asked Jo.

"Well, it's really quite simple, Jo. The tarasque was only interested in the most powerful mind it could find. Ordinarily, that would be mine, of course."

"Of course," Jo agreed, here eyes twinkling.

"But I had been reduced to the level of a human's mind by my transformation into an Androgum."

"So why didn't it attack you anyway?" the Brigadier asked.

"Well, at the same time the Master left his TARDIS, I turned completely into an Androgum, which has even less mind than a human. The tarasque was suddenly tempted by a much more powerful mind than mine—"

"The Master's!" Jo interrupted.

"Right, Jo. So it attacked him and not me."

"Well, what happened to the tarasque?" Jo asked.

"I should think that was obvious, Jo. The Master used his matter implode on it and killed it. Then he escaped."

"So it was the fact that you had turned into an Androgum that saved you."

"Yes," the Doctor said ironically.

"Hmm," Jo mused. "Doctor?"

"Yes, Jo?"

"I wonder who it would have chosen if you hadn't become an Androgum—if it had been you against the Master both as Time Lords?"

"Jo!" the Doctor said fiercely. "You shall make me regret not eating you when I had the chance!"

The Evolutionary Biology of the Androgum

by Professor Gimlet, Space Station Chimera, Third Zone

THE ANDROGUM (*Appetitus Humongus*) presents an interesting challenge to biology researchers attempting to formulate a coherent, parsimonious explanation for its unique combination of features: average intelligence, tremendous physical strength, and a voracious appetite far exceeding in its utter ruthlessness and lack of discrimination anything seen elsewhere in the Galaxy. Not even the Drashigs of the second moon of Grundle cannot compete with a really hungry Androgum in an ingestion contest. The scientific establishment has not found it easy to account for any evolutionary process which would lead to a creature possessing all these features.

There are several practical reasons for this lack of progress, mainly because there has not been demonstrated that level of interest and desire which normally leads to scientific breakthroughs. First of all, few people have ever wished to study the Androgum, which is a nasty, treacherous creature. Second of all, few of those who have tried to get close enough to undertake scientific observations have returned. It is theorized that the extremely high level of radiation on the Androgum home planet (Androchicle) is responsible for the high rate of demise of field researchers, though this is not a fully satisfactory explanation. (A similar problem with just such a lack of a satisfactory explanation is known to exist among researchers attempting to study a species of plant known as the krynoid. See *Journal of the Intergalactic Horticultural Society*, v. DCLXXXVI, pp.3023–3037.)

We begin our study of the Androgum by noting that it appears to have evolved from a sort of rat-like scavenging creature that scuttered amongst the rocks of Androchicle some five to ten million years ago. Androchicle has always had a very high radiation level, both from naturally forming unstable elements in its thin crust and from a higher amount of activity from its unusually bright sun. It is theorized that this high radiation level may have contributed to the development of the Androgum in its present-day form in two ways: by causing a rapid series of mutations in the creature itself, leading to its quickened pace of evolution, and by causing constant mutations in the planet's other flora and fauna, forcing the Androgums to become extremely catholic in their choice of and dependence on Androchicle's food supply. This theory has not yet been accepted by all biologists, however.

Until very recently, almost nothing was known about Androgum physiology, biochemistry, genetics, or even anatomy. With the creation of Space Station Chimera, however, at which a number of Androgums have been engaged as catering staff, the opportunity for Third Zone researchers to begin clinical and laboratory tests upon these intriguing creatures has arisen.

A number of interesting facts have come to light. First of all, Androgum anatomy is unusually different from that of most other bipedal humanoid species elsewhere in the galaxy. Androgums possess no intestines. Their stomach is about four times the size of the human organ and is segmented into a number of divisions, each of which is capable of digesting only one sort of food, either carbohydrate, protein, or fat.

Such segmentation would seem to be a highly efficient means of dealing with an omnivorous diet, but for one thing. Each stomach secretes an unusually high amount of digestive enzymes and acids; these fluids are all highly caustic, even dangerously so. They are secreted by organs which seem to be semi-parasitic or at best symbiotic with the host creature, much like humans' own intestinal flora. These secretory organs, though, take the place of what in the human are the liver, gall bladder, pancreas, etc. Their own energy demands are very high and when they do not receive enough nourishment from the Androgum's own ingestion, they secrete heightened amounts of digestive fluid, in effect digesting the Androgum's stomach. Only by keeping the stomach constantly filled with all sorts of different foods can the Androgum escape endoparasitism and autodigestion.

We see now why Androgums must constantly eat as much as they can get their hands on and why they are always looking for new and varied food supplies. It explains why they can and will eat just about anything. It follows that their extreme interest in the culinary arts (the only intellectual activity ever to amount to much on Androchicle) is a sociocultural adaptation to physical need: since their anatomy and physiology condemn them to a live of little more than constant foraging and eating, they may as well make such a limited life as entertaining and rewarding as possible.

This discovery has let to a certain amount of concern amongs the staff here at Space Station Chimera. As the Third Zone expands further and further into the galaxy, we will undoubtedly bring more and more Androgums with us as servitors and cooks. Their own physiological needs will be extremely difficult to sustain out in space away from their home planet. It is only recently that we have begun to understand the tragic bind they are in. Androgums possess no biological knowledge and thus can not be expected to help themselves. It is up to us, their human masters, to adjust them, to "augment" them, if you will, so that they can better serve us and also begin to grow intellectually and morally.

A team of researchers here, led by Director of Projects Joinson Dastari, is currently reporting promising results in experiments designed to produce a new Androgum less dependent upon food as its only source of stimulation. We shall report more information as the experiments run out their course.

THE DOCTOR WHO JUMBLE By Joe Nazzaro

Each of the four words below is the scrambled name of a character from "The Two Doctors". Put them in their correct order in the spaces provided.

IMAJE

J	A	M	I	E

TAINA

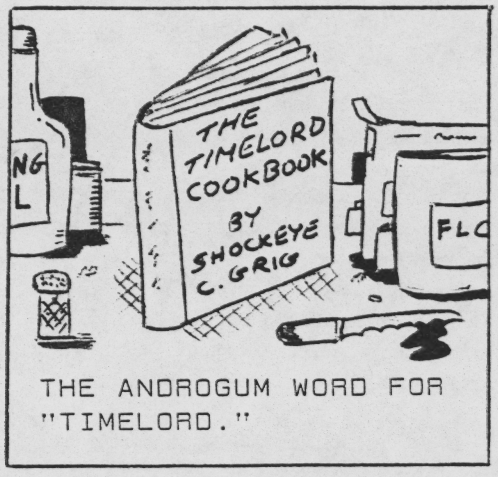
A	N	I	T	A

TARIDAS

D	A	R	T	A	S

SEECHENS

C	H	E	I	S	E	N	E



THE ANDROGUM WORD FOR "TIMELORD."

NOW ARRANGE THE CIRCLED LETTERS FROM THE FOUR WORDS TO FORM THE ANSWER TO THE CARTOON SHOWN ABOVE.

ANSWER:

" | | | | | | | "

answer on page seven

I Been to KatyCon!

by Cathy Boudreau

On Friday, August 22, 1986, Katy Manning materialized at the Trenton War Memorial for her first East Ccast DWFCA Fest.

Katy has not changed much in the fifteen years since she left Doctor Who for other projects. She is still as vibrant and funny as her character and just as petite. She graciously signed autographs and had a wonderfully funny and enlightening question and answer session Why, Katy even posed for publicity shots outside the Auditorium with several fans.

The convention itself was somewhat under-attended (watch the editor mention what an understatement that is). Doors opened at 5:00 pm, so many people were not able to attend . However, this gave the fans more time to be with Katy.

During the talk session, Katy mentioned several interesting items of Doctor Who trivia--for instance, did you know Jon Pertwee could never remember the scientific lines and therefore would write them on whatever was handy? This made for some interesting problems. There was the time he had written a mathmatical problem on the floor of the Axon spaceship and the effects department filled the set with smoke, obscuring it. And the time he wrote his dialogue on the top of a tin box which Katy held and, in the heat of performing, Katy forgot it was there and accidentally closed the lid.

Katy also told us a story about the time she was supposed to sink waist deep in swamp. She was to kneel on a board to simulate sinking lower. However, somehow she did not have the sonic screwdriver and was left kneeling in this swamp while the crew went to get it for her. Several minutes later, when she had sunk almost up to her chin, they came back to get her, stating "Sorry Katy, we forgot about you."

When asked about Roger Delgado, Katy could be seen wiping a tear from her eyes. She remembered him as a gentle, warm and compassionate man who was surprised at his success as the Master. She also remembered having dinner with him and his wife two days before his death. To this day, she has not quite gotten over the shock and pain of that loss.

Katy talked about her life in Australia and the fact that she went there because she did not want to raise her children in London. Since she has been there, she has appeared in several plays, including a run in *The Odd Couple* with Jack Klugman and Tony Randall. During the run, Katy and her co-star were playing the Pigeon Sisters, (typecasting?) and their dressing room was actually the lady's room. To make them feel more at home, the theatre owners placed a picture of the Queen in the stall.

They also could not hear the dialogue from their dressing room and one night missed the five minute announcement. Katy and her friend rushed across the back of the stage, behind the flat but in front of the backdrop, while still getting dressed. This was rather funny as the apartment was supposed to be on the eleventh floor!

Katy is currently working on a new sitcom called *Two in the Bush* with her friend Penny which she described as "Lovely light comedy... but it's as potty as Fawlty Towers." It is the story of two English actresses who move to Australia and their experiences, many of which had to be toned down because they were too bizarre to be believed. She hopes to do a similar show in America, but can't think of a title.

Several stories also cropped up about what it's like to work without glasses on a set or stage. Katy remembers clearly not being able to see things and so regularly banging into, and knocking down, sets and props. She also told us that there were people to spot her as she ran to keep her on course.

When asked where she was born, Katy said she was born in a manger. It seems the hospital in which she was born, Mount of Vernia, had a room called the manger.

After a car crash Katy was forced to give up ballet and decided to become an actress instead. She attended drama school for three years, did a series and then won the part of Jo Grant. She said she beat out Michael Caine's wife for the part. She also said that the growth of Jo in the series seemed to mirror her own personal growth.

Katy stated that she would not return to the program because she felt that Jo would be unbareable. She also said that Jo never married Professor Jones! However, she felt that Jo would be an interesting character, what with the trip to the Amazon and working with Professor Jones. However, she thinks it would be interesting to send the children onto the twenty-fifth aniversary show (if there is one) with a note saying "mommy says she can't come. We've got a note from her."

I asked her if she had any embarrassing stories about Jon Pertwee, to retaliate for the infamous knickers stories. Katy said that Jon would sneak a puff of her cigarette on the TARDIS set (Jon was told to tone down his smoking as it did not fit the image of the Doctor). Also, that he would allow her to smear cream on his nose because it made her laugh.

Katy also told us that there were always practical jokes on the set, one of the most popular being exploding cigarettes, as most of the cast smoked. She was caught once when she asked for the last cigarette in the pack.

Katy also told about the time all the actors built an enormous aeroplane out of all the props in the rehersal room once during a producer's run. Barry Letts walked in on the sight of this plane, Jon in Katy's glasses and a white scarf, and Katy with a BOA airline bag, playing stewardess.

She enjoyed working with Pat Troughton, calling it a fascinating experience and stating she considered Pat a lovely man. She had no problem working with only the image of William Hartnell as she could not really see the screen

Katy does not feel embarrassed about doing a nude scene in a film or play as long as it is in character. As for the photographs, she said she is not embarrassed about them but she would not do them again. She feels it was right for the time she did it but would not do it now.

All in all, the convention, while underattended and a bit too late in the evening, was, for me at least, a smashing success. Katy, your Jo was and is my all-time favorite companion!

Go BATS with Jon Pertwee!

A new nationwide fan organization has been started. BATS, the British American Television Society, is for all fans of such British shows as *Doctor Who, Danger Mouse, Worzel Gummidge, Blake's Seven, The Champions, Secret Agent,* and lots more. Run by Ralph Schiano, promoter of this fall's Jon Pertwee convention tour, BATS produces an excellent quarterly newsletter, *Fine Tuning,* edited by John Peel, author of many Doctor Who Files books. Membership is $6. For more information, write BATS, PO Box AW, Stony Brook, NY, 11790.

The Pertwee tour will be in our area Saturday October 18 at the Trenton War Memorial; at Infinicon in New York City on October 24–26; and in Philadelphia on November 9. Tickets for the one-day shows are $10 in advance (including cabaret performances) and $12 at the door; 3-day event tickets are $25 in advance. The tour will also be going to Boston, Albany, Nashville, Baltimore, New Orleans, and Disneyworld. For tickets, write Master Productions, PO Box AH, Stony Brook, NY, 11790.

Jumble Anser *(from page six)*

Answers: Jamie, Anita, Dastari, Chessene

The Androgum word for "Time Lord"—Dinner!

New Meeting Site

continued from page one

very much looking forward to moving into our new meeting quarters.

We have many members who work Saturdays and will no longer be able to come to the Assemblies. We apologize to those of you in this situation. For the good of the club we felt we had to take this step. The new site can accommodate many more people than we can currently entertain at present Assembly sites. Also, Saturday afternoon is more convenient for most members. The High Council is working on ways to compensate those of you who will find it inconvenient to attend the new meeting site. An evening adults-only cocktail party is currently under discussion. If you have any ideas of your own, don't hesitate to communicate them to any Kim Neighbor.

In any case, we look forward to seeing more and more of you at monthly Assemblies. The Lawrenceville Library is an ideal meeting location and they are looking forward to having us as well (when we asked them about possible problems due to the noise we might create, they said we couldn't be noisier than the senior citizens groups they host!)

We'd like to thank Maureen Mulholland for her work in beginning negotiations with the Library.

Remember: Saturday, October 4, 1 pm!

Contest Winners!

on the Jury can't resist a bad joke!) Honourable mentions to Martin Cripps for his silly interview with the Third Doctor and to Shari Taylor for her clever trio of interconnected stories, "The Craves of Androguni."

We received over fifteen entries to the contest, and we'd like to thank all of you who submitted something, even if you weren't mentioned above. We'll run another contest next year, but you don't have to wait that long to submit something! (Hint, hint.)

Congratulations, Ray, and thanks to all the other entrants!

Blake's Seven Now Showing!

continued from page one

ase it. They are running *Doctor Who* at midnight on Fridays now (regular 3:30 showing on Saturday afternoons).

Channel 31, WNYC in New York, is showing *Blake's Seven* every Friday at 8 pm, followed by the Doctor at 9 in movie format. They had been showing the episodes every night at 10:30. They have also purchased all Six Doctors' episodes.

Channel 21, WLIW in Garden City, Long Island, will be showing *Blake's Seven* every Saturday at 6 pm. They are also supposed to begin rebroadcasting All Creatures Great And Small sometime soon.

We'll have a lot of information about Blake's Seven (including an interview with Terry Nation!) next month. Until then—join the Escape!

More Letters

continued from page two

that Doctor Who is not a nature or educational program either. I think all Doctor Who Fans should take this into consideration.

Russ Ridgway

New Jersey Network may not use pledge money directly to present a particular show, but all their revenues go into a single pot. Therefore, the more money they receive in that show's name, the less of their state-supplied money needs to be used to keep it on the air. As far as misleading contributors about what their money is used for, we can't comment on that. On the other hand, we have recently been reassured by NJN program executives that they have no intention of taking Doctor Who off the air, and are in fact currently talking with the BBC about showing the 23rd Season when it is licensed for sale in this country.

Dear Prydonians:
I object very strongly to your use in your renewal flyer of the word "funny" with reference to the Gallifreyan Ceremonial Collar. There is nothing at all funny about this traditional accessory. Not only has it been the peak of fashion for the past seven million years, but it also greatly aids the Chancellery Guard in the deterrence and detention of thin-necked criminals and Shobogans.

Commander Edmort, Second Capital Regiment

Yes, and according to the Doctor, makes it almost impossible to get through the standard Gallifreyan doorway.

The Prydonians of Prynceton
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Princeton, NJ 08540

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SEP 9
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S.

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